

# The Critic

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## The Critic

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### Literature

#### Flower's "Natural History of the Horse" \*

AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED, the literature of science is gaining some valuable accessions in the Modern Science Series, edited by Sir John Lubbock. Sir Robert Ball's volume, 'The Cause of an Ice Age,' is now succeeded by an equally well-written monograph on a subject which, if not of more scientific importance, is at least of more direct and general interest. In modern times the 'descent of the horse' has been almost as much discussed as the 'descent of man.' The science of Hippology has rivalled that of Anthropology in its attractions. The author, in his preface, informs us that, according to a bibliographical record which appeared in 1887, 'there had been up to that date at least 3800 separate works published in the various languages of the civilized world on subjects relating to the horse.' No one could be better qualified to bring together in a clear and readable summary the latest results of the studies on this subject than the distinguished Director of the British Natural History Museum, formerly Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He gives us a history of the development of the horse on the well-known lines, beginning with its first distinguishable ancestor, the *Phenacodus primævus* ('from the early Eocene of North America')—whose restored skeleton, as presented here, makes one rejoice at the animal's extinction,—and coming down through various forms to the 'true horse' of the Pleistocene age, to which our existing species belongs. One of the most remarkable facts of this history is that all these various forms, down to the latest species, seem to have been originally most abundant in America, whence, through some cause not yet understood, they entirely vanished before the appearance of man on this continent.

There has been, indeed, a conjecture recently put forth by a German writer, to which Prof. Flower seems to give more importance than it deserves. 'There is a possibility,' he writes, 'of the animal having still existed in a wild state in some parts of the continent remote from that which was first visited by the Spaniards, where they were certainly unknown. It has been suggested that the horses which were found by Cabot in La Plata in 1530 cannot have been introduced.' This passage refers to the voyage of Sebastian Cabot, made in 1527, when he entered the La Plata river, and remained several years in that region. But we know that Columbus, in his second voyage, made in 1495, to establish a colony, brought out various domestic animals, including more than twenty horses, some of which must certainly have been for breeding. In this voyage he discovered the South American continent, with which a commercial intercourse was speedily established. In thirty years the descendants of his horses, passing from one Indian tribe to another, or conveyed in ships by mercantile adventurers, could easily have reached the La Plata. Cortes, as we know, took a dozen horses with him to Mexico in 1518. It is somewhat surprising that a careful writer like Mr. Flower should have given currency, apparently without investiga-

tion, to a thoughtless conjecture on a subject of so much scientific and historical interest.

The comparative anatomy of the horse and of man is dealt with in a peculiarly clear and interesting fashion; and so also is the history of the various species of animals akin to the horse—the tapirs, rhinoceroses, wild asses, zebras, and quaggas,—some of which, it is feared, under the effect of modern arms of precision and the greed of hunters, are on their way to an early extinction. Abundant illustrations and careful descriptions, readily intelligible to all educated readers, whether versed or not in zoölogical science, make the little volume attractive as well as useful.

#### "Under the Southern Cross" \*

A HEALTH-GUIDE to the West Indies has long been very much needed and is at length temporarily supplied by Dr. Hutchinson's convenient volume. Touch-and-go tourists thither, like Lafcadio Hearn, Froude, Kingsley, Ballou, and others, abound; but birds of passage are not likely to collect health statistics or study hygienic conditions, and their ephemeral raptures and rhapsodies over mere scenery are apt to do more harm than good. The present author has spent twenty years or more in exploring these exquisite islands; each of the chapters of his book has been previously published in a medical journal before seeing the light in book form; and he has made repeated visits to the same localities, thermometer and barometer in hand, in order to correct and fill up the measure of his information. The result is fifteen chapters of valuable comment and observation on that island-paradise which lies at our very doors and of which Americans, notably invalid Americans, are almost absolutely ignorant.

These chapters include practical information about hotel guides and hygienic regulations, advice about and descriptions of Antigua, Dominica, the French Islands, Barbadoes, Trinidad, the Spanish Main, Costa Rica, Jamaica, Cuba, Bermuda, Nassau, and the Orinoco River: just the book, in short, that the writer wanted and could not get some years ago, when he started down the islands in glowing July and scorching August for a six weeks' jaunt. July and August, however, proved far from being the salamander-months that one might have expected. Dr. Hutchinson, indeed, points out the delicious summer sanatory effects of some of these islands with their perpetual breezes, cool nights, salt air, and healthful fruits. The enchanting scenery of them all is a medicine for the sick soul and wasted body; the insect-plague has been greatly exaggerated; and what the French call *comfortable* can be obtained nearly everywhere in abundance. Two dollars a day is the prevailing hotel price. An added piquancy is given to a winter or summer stay among the Caribs by the many-colored nationalities that compose the islands. One can sail delightfully from one to another and change his language and costume as by magic. Tiring of the English and their staid ways, one can slip sailor-fashion among the vivacious French of Martinique, the Spaniards of Cuba or Porto Rico, the Danes of St. Thomas, or again the English and Spaniards of Trinidad, Costa Rica and the Orinoco, all the islands and coasts being so close together that great mountain-forms are ever in sight and the sail is like a lotus-dream. Rheumatism and lung-disease are unfortunately to be dreaded in these latitudes, the vivid air and copious night evaporations being unfavorable to both; but these appear to be the only diseases that are not benefited by the stimulating and alleviating effects of a January-to-April residence in the semitropics.

Dr. Hutchinson gives excellent hints about clothing, luggage, boarding-houses, cuisine, rates of fare, food and drinks to be avoided, and the steamship lines that run through this region. Reciprocity will doubtless increase the travel to and fro, which is even now far from expensive (a

\* The Horse: A Study in Natural History. By William Henry Flower. \$2. D. Appleton & Co.

\* Under the Southern Cross: A West India Guide for Health and Pleasure. By W. F. Hutchinson, M.D. Providence: Ryder & Dearth Co.

return-trip lasting five or six weeks costing only \$105), and Americans will become acquainted with a sea and land far more beautiful than the Mediterranean, connected by cables with their own land and accessible in good vessels at any time of the year—the Enchanted Garden of the Gulf Stream.

#### Prof. Froude's "Divorce of Catherine of Aragon"

THIS LATEST work from the pen of the late Prof. Freeman's successor at Oxford is characterized by the same qualities which make his History of England at the same time attractive and dangerous. The author in his preface repeats the indictment, though in a stronger way, which he has already brought against all preceding historians who have discussed the vexed question of Henry VIII. All his predecessors—whatever their religious tendencies—Romanists, Anglicans, Dissenters—are condemned as having indulged their personal prejudice at the expense of truth. The general feeling against Henry, thinks Mr. Froude, has been so intense as to color all accounts which have been given of him from any point of view. When there is a general unison of feeling, such as always has existed in this case, he is a bold man or an extremely obstinate man who persists in the holding of a theory which authorities as competent at least as himself believe to be a false one.

The faults of Mr. Froude's historical genius are well-known, and the chiefest of them and the most destructive to his reputation is that of inaccuracy. He relies in one place upon the letters of the Spanish Ambassador and in another regards his statements as false and malicious. The reasons for these different estimates are simply that in the one case the Spanish letters support, and in yet another they do not support, Mr. Froude's opinion. When Friedmann's Life of Anne Boleyn is read in conjunction with Mr. Froude's estimates of Henry, the impartial reader cannot fail to discern that the German historian looks through glasses which are not tinted to the reproduction of his special theory as are Mr. Froude's. Henry appears to Mr. Friedmann in a light abhorrent to Mr. Froude, but in one which is not falsified by the imperfections of the vision of the English author. Mr. Froude refers greatly to the preambles of the statutes passed by Henry's Parliaments and believes that every word in these preambles is true and indicative of the high purposes of the King. He forgets that preambles, even at the present day, do not always convey the entire meaning of the authors of bills. The most wicked of monarchs would find little difficulty in causing an obsequious Parliament to pass any bill with any preamble whatsoever, and the type of political morality in Henry's time can be seen in both Wolsey and Norfolk. Mr. Froude as Regius Professor of History at Oxford now has an opportunity of expressing his peculiar views in one of the great centres of English thought, and we are curious to see whether they will meet with more acceptance as they are proclaimed *ex cathedra*.

#### What is Good Music †

DR. EDUARD HANSLICK has long been known as one of the most thoughtful critics of music in Germany, and the publication in English of his æsthetics of the art, printed in German in 1854, will be welcomed by all who regard music as something more than a mere amusement. Dr. Hanslick's theory of the nature and purpose of music, is not likely to become popular among music lovers. He holds that music does not and cannot express or represent feelings, that the subject of the composer's thought is simply a musical idea, that it may be beautiful or not without the introduction of any consideration extraneous to itself, and that music, in fine, is simply sounding forms.

The difficulties in the way of an acceptance of this theory

\* The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon. By James Anthony Froude. \$2.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

† The Beautiful in Music. A contribution to the Revival of Musical Æsthetics. By Dr. Eduard Hanslick. \$2. Novello, Ewer & Co.

are many. The fact is that Dr. Hanslick is an extremist in his views and that the truth, as usual, lies at a point nearly midway between his belief and that of writers like Oulibicheff and Dr. Hand. No thinking person needs to be told that music cannot express definite ideas as speech can. It can express a few definite emotions, but only in their most general form. Music can express sadness or joy, for instance, but it cannot differentiate between sadness over the death of a friend and sadness over a disappointment in love. But because it cannot make this differentiation no one is justified in saying that it cannot express any emotions at all. When a child cries, its face expresses grief; but if you desire to know what kind of grief, you say to the child, 'What are you crying about?' and it has recourse to speech in order to inform you. Dr. Hanslick's theory is, of course, an argument against 'programme music.' But it is beyond all dispute that this kind of composition depends for its success wholly on the hearer's acceptance of the composer's design. If he does not know the design, the meaning of the music is lost to him. If he does, the music acts as an inspiration to the imagination.

Dr. Hanslick has failed to distinguish between music written with no other purpose than that of euphony and that which aims at emotional expression. To the former his theory of the beautiful in music applies admirably; but there can be no doubt that the latter has possibilities which he refuses to concede to the art. He seems to wish us to believe that music in order to be good must be invariably beautiful as sound, pure and simple. If that is true, every composer from Sebastian Bach to Antonin Dvorak has sinned against the laws of musical æsthetics. In spite of Dr. Hanslick the world will probably continue to believe in a theory drawn from the practice of the masters of the art and best expressed as 'Strength before beauty, truth before conviction.'

#### "Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Lennox" \*

'MRS. LESLIE AND MRS. LENNOX' is such a novel as the American public is popularly supposed to demand. We fancy the 'reader' commended it and the publisher accepted it because of its marketable value, and not because either was mistaken in thinking it a faithful picture of life or a particularly meritorious production. 'Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Lennox' both live in New York and move in that higher circle where luxury makes the environment, where bad breeding is the unpardonable sin, where virtue is precious for its æsthetic value, where character is an incident, where a home in Newport is an absolution and a French phrase every third word in the conversation supports one's claim to exclusiveness. Mrs. Leslie was married to a husband whom she used as a sentimental fortification whenever her admirers called her by her first name or whenever she felt like calling them by their first name; she had two boys whom she also used as smaller fortifications when she didn't want to discourage the enemy too thoroughly. Mrs. Leslie was besieged by Jack Gordon. Against him she used the smaller defenses, but as he said he loved them as if they were his own sons they didn't count very much. Mrs. Leslie wouldn't have used the larger one for anything. Into view comes Mrs. Lennox, a semi-widow. Here was a strategical error on Mrs. Leslie's part. She ought to have constructed important defenses and gathered Jack behind them. Mrs. Lennox laid siege to Jack. Jack being found unarmed and defeated on Mrs. Leslie's domain was taken.

It happened in this way. Mr. Leslie went off to Europe defaulting in the sum of \$400,000. All Mrs. Leslie's admirers, especially Jack, wanted to keep the horrible news from her; Jack had only \$150,000 to make good the deficit, so he sold himself to Mrs. Lennox for the remaining \$250,000. Mrs. Lennox said she would have paid a million for him—but it was too late, he had set the price. When Mrs.

\* Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Lennox. 50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.

Leslie hears Jack is going to marry Mrs. Lennox she gathers her fortifications to her bosom and goes to Washington to plunge into the social vortex there under the escort of a faithful friend—the only man in New York who could drive a piebald pair of horses without being ridiculous. There Mrs. Leslie is beloved by an Englishman who blows his brains out after writing a letter to the effect that he is the husband of Mrs. Lennox and could have stopped the marriage and returned Jack to Mrs. Leslie. However, his act legitimized the coming nuptials and kept Mrs. Lennox from being a bigamist. At the marriage ceremony, Mrs. Leslie, who has returned to New York in order to be present, gets a cablegram saying her husband has killed himself at Monaco. Too late all her fortifications were destroyed. Jack had raised the siege. He goes off to Europe with Mrs. Lennox. Mrs. Leslie goes off to Europe with her sons. And a few years later we learn that Jack and Mrs. Lennox were sailing to opposite ports in contrary wise and that Mrs. Leslie was about to marry the only man in New York who could drive a piebald team.

#### "Old Touraine."\*

MR. THEODORE A. COOK'S 'Old Touraine' gives us in two beautifully printed and illustrated volumes 'the life and history of the famous châteaux of France,' all of which are grouped in the valley of the Loire—no extensive district, but one with more of old history to the square mile than could be found anywhere else in the country, or perhaps in all Europe. This history begins in Roman times and comes down quite to our own day. Each castle, moreover, is associated with some particular event, or some especial visitor, whose importance overshadows every other memory connected with the place, giving it an individuality and an interest peculiarly its own. The author of these volumes has thus been able to 'unwind a more or less connected thread of history from the rise of the Angevin Plantagenets where Chinon guards the bridge of the Vienne, to the last days of the Valois in the Château of Blois,' and to do this in part by 'chapters on the more important personages, such as the earlier Dukes of Orleans or Marguerite of Valois.' After a sketch of the early history of Touraine, and some account of the Counts of Anjou, the castle-builders, he gives us the story of Chinon, important not only in connection with Henry II. of England and his sons Richard and John, but not less so in later times for the visit of the Maid of Orleans. The Abbey of Fontevault, with its Plantagenet tombs, now degraded to the base uses of a criminal reformatory, is next described and pictured. Then we go on to Loches, specially memorable for its strategic position, its architecture, and its associations with Charles VII. and Louis XI. and XII. Next we visit Langeais, where Charles VIII. is the *genius loci*; and Chaumont, where memories of Philibert de l'Orme, Charles d'Amboise, and Catherine de Medicis haunt the grand old château; and Chansonceaux, 'the fortress of the Marques,' the home of Diane de Poitiers until Catherine de Medicis turned her out, where Marie Stuart visited Francis II., and where Madame Dupin died in 1863, 'after the castle had had yet another literary visit, from George Sand.' Amboise, and Blois, and Chambord, 'the parody of the old feudal castles,' and the châteaux of the Fronde, are taken in turn, with glances at the brave men and fair women who have trod their courts and halls. The information given, as we are assured, has 'never been published in one book before, either in France or England,' and its value to travellers in Touraine can hardly be over-estimated. Practical hints for the tourist are added in an appendix, and there is an excellent map of the valley of the Loire, reduced from the sheets of the French Government Survey. The illustrations, mostly from photographs, are excellent.

Old Touraine. By Theodore A. Cook. \$5. Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### Greek and Latin Classics

SINCE THE DAYS of Richard Porson, the classical scholarship of Great Britain has been characterized less by minute linguistic research than by the appreciation and interpretation of the Greek and Roman authors as literature. The tendency of classical studies has been prevailingly humanistic rather than philological, in the strict sense of the term. At the present time the English Universities are undergoing a transformation in this regard, one evidence of which is the increasing attention given to etymology and the comparative study of Latin and Greek. British classical scholarship, as our own, has fallen under the influence of German methods and traditions. One of the most worthy representatives of what may be termed, without disrespect, 'the old school,' was Professor W. Y. Sellar, whose last book has now been printed after his death. Through forty years of academic activity, of which the greater number (1863-90) were spent as Professor of Latin at Edinburgh University, he made a sympathetic study of the Roman poets. The first fruits of these congenial labors appeared in a volume entitled 'The Roman Poets of the Republic,' which left the press in 1863. In 1877, Prof. Sellar published the first instalment of his 'Roman Poets of the Augustan Age,' a work on Virgil. This is followed now by the second volume with the same general title, treating of 'Horace and the Elegiac Poets.' A biographical sketch of the author, by Andrew Lang, his nephew, appropriately serves as an introduction. Nearly half of the book is devoted to Horace. The latter portion opens with an essay, of fine critical insight, on Roman elegy; then there is a chapter on Gallus, Tibullus, Lygdamus and Sulpicia, leading up to an elaborate discussion of Propertius. A more fragmentary essay on Ovid closes the volume—suggestive, yet showing that it had not received the finishing touches of the author. The book as a whole reflects the exact scholarship, the delicate literary taste, the dignified tone and sober judgment which have placed Prof. Sellar's previous volumes in the front rank of English works on Roman literature. It is a sensible and instructive analysis of several of the most interesting phases of the Augustan poetry. To few men has it been given so thoroughly to understand the motives and tendencies of Roman life, and their bearing on literary expression. Two sections of the book are particularly timely. The chapters on Horace are a sweeping and adequate rejoinder to several Continental critics who, under cover of an examination into his sources and the characteristics of his verse, have been diligently engaged in disparaging him; and the treatment of Propertius cannot fail to stimulate interest in this artistic but much neglected poet. (\$3.50. Macmillan & Co.)

MR. MERRY has performed a very acceptable service by collecting in a neat volume a number of the most interesting 'Fragments' of Roman poetry, the remnants of works which as a whole have perished. Thirty-six poets are represented in the selections, not including the Arval hymn and similar early formulae, or the epitaphs of the Scipios. There are specimens from the different varieties of dramatic literature down to the age of Augustus; verses from both the Varros and Cicero, as well as Caesar's epigram on Terence, also have a place. Each selection is accompanied by brief notes. The text is taken from good sources. The weakest point in the book is the almost total lack of bibliographical references. The reading of many of the fragments is uncertain, and some of them have been the subject of extended discussion; the student ought certainly to have been provided with some clue to the literature of the more important specimens. The notes, also, in some cases might have been made more full to advantage. (\$1.75. Macmillan & Co.)—ANOTHER useful book of a somewhat similar design is Smith's 'Latin Selections,' which appears in an enlarged and greatly improved edition, revised by Mr. W. K. Clement. It contains a series of well-chosen specimens of Latin literature, in both prose and poetry, from the Arval hymn down to Boethius and the 'Corpus Iuris Civilis.' The selections are not only interesting in themselves but are well adapted to illustrate the historical development of the language and to accompany a systematic study of the literature. (\$1.40. Allyn & Bacon.)

PROF. TYRRELL'S 'Cicero in His Letters' is a serviceable collection of eighty of the 'Epistulae,' with an extended introduction and excellent commentary. It differs from preceding collections of about the same size in its variety, owing to the fact that the letters were selected with a view to illustrating as many phases and moods of the orator's life and opinions as possible. We find here the same thorough mastery of the matter and keen insight into Cicero's character that are manifest in the large edition by the same editor. The Introduction, in addition to the preliminary matter needful for an intelligent entrance upon the text, contains an interesting collection of passages bearing upon Cicero's political consistency.

with a discriminating view of his private life. Prof. Tyrrell belongs to the group of scholars—represented, among others, in France by Boissier and in Germany by Friedrich Aly—who are vigorously contending against the disparaging estimate of the orator put forth by Drumann and by Mommsen. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)—OTHER RECENT ISSUES in Macmillan's Classical Series, which, in default of room for fuller treatment, are at least worthy of mention, are Hallidie's 'Captivi of Plautus,' Marchant's 'Thucydides, Book II,' and 'The Fifth Book of Thucydides,' with notes by C. E. Graves. An edition of the seventh book of Thucydides, by H. A. Holden, with a good introduction and excellent maps, has just been published by the same firm in the Pitt Press Series.

AT FIRST GLANCE the relation of text to introduction and commentary in the edition of the 'Antigone' by Prof. Humphreys appears out of proportion; the Greek fills 48 out of a total of 334 pages. A closer examination shows that the editor intended to make the book suitable for an introduction to the study of Sophocles, and that he has succeeded well in carrying out his purpose. Some masterpieces of the Classics should be read rapidly; others very slowly, with careful attention to every detail. No drama yields better results to close and painstaking study than the 'Antigone,' and a fullness of comment is allowable here which in the case of many other plays would be cumbersome and impertinent. The preliminary matter of Prof. Humphreys's edition is comprehensive, accurate and well put; the notes show the hand of the experienced teacher as well as the sympathetic interpreter. (\$1.50. Harper & Bros.)—PROF. F. D. ALLEN'S 'Prometheus Bound' is a translation of Wecklein's edition in both introduction and commentary. The notes, as in the other volumes of the College Series of Greek Authors, are placed on the same page as the text. As a bit of translation the work is well done; but it seems a pity that American scholars will still cling to the skirts of German editors in preparing text-books for American students, when the educational conditions attending the study of Greek and Latin in the two countries are so different. Even if our professors are not disposed to do independent work in preparing texts for their classes, most students of Æschylus know enough German to begin to use an edition with German notes to advantage. (\$1.50. Ginn & Co.)

THE 'ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY to Xenophon's Anabasis,' by Profs. White and Morgan, is a thoroughly creditable and useful book. An extended examination of test definitions bears witness to the accuracy with which the work has been done. The illustrations are in good taste, from the best sources, and really helpful. The 'Dictionary' stands in striking contrast with the old edition of Goodwin and White's 'Anabasis,' with which it is bound, which is sadly in need of revision. (\$1.65. Ginn & Co.)—THE NEW edition of Keep's 'Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary,' revised by Prof. Isaac Flagg, presents the unusual circumstance of a reduction rather than increase of bulk. The alphabetical arrangement of words under the normal or leading form, whether that be the form found in the text or not, is now consistently adhered to, and removes an objection felt by some to the use of the first edition. The definitions in many cases are reduced to advantage, and are in general more tersely stated. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)—PROF. WOODRUFF'S 'Greek Prose Composition' is based upon a principle now generally accepted, that rendering from English into Greek or Latin should regularly accompany the reading of texts, at least in the case of the earlier authors read. The exercises are adapted for use with the Anabasis. They are carefully graded, and do not lack variety. Preparatory teachers of Greek will give the book a cordial welcome. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

THE 'SELECTIONS from Lucian,' translated by Emily James Smith, present several of the best dialogues in an attractive form. The rendering is faithful to the original; the English is nicely phrased and pleasing. There is a freshness, a modern air, about Lucian which should make him a favorite even with those who know no Greek. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)—PROF. WITT'S 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand' now appears in an English version, translated from the German by Miss Younghusband. It is intended to be a complete account of the famous Expedition, in language adapted to youthful readers. As in the preceding books of the author dealing with the Trojan War and the Wanderings of Ulysses, the narrative is well proportioned, correct enough as regards the sources, and not particularly inspiring. The volume is tastefully illustrated. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)—SPECIALISTS in Plato cannot fail to be interested in Adam's examination of 'The Nuptial Number of Plato: Its Solution and Significance.' The discussion is rather complex for the reader unfamiliar with the original passage in the Greek; but it is cour-

ageous in meeting difficulties, full, and well sustained if not convincing. (\$1.10. Macmillan & Co.)

#### Recent Fiction

CORNELIA WARREN has endeavored to make 'Miss Wilton' an interesting personage by making her a most unusual one, but the effort is not much of a success. The girl is erratic, nothing more. Her mother dies when she is very young and her father, not to be burdened with her himself, sends her to Paris to a boarding school, and, dying while she is there, leaves her sole mistress of a large fortune. Large as it is, however, it does not suffice for her wants; she is always head over ears in debt. In Vienna she involves herself in a world of trouble through this propensity of hers to spend more than she has, and she is obliged at last to leave the city under a cloud. Once back in Paris she resorts to the usurers to help her out of her difficulty, but of course only sinks deeper into the mire. Thanks to them and to a former acquaintance from Vienna, who subjects her to a steady system of blackmail through the knowledge he possesses of her former career, she is reduced to a state bordering upon distraction. Two men become greatly interested in her at this time, one of whom can do a great deal for her if she will let him. He is intended to be something remarkable. He has many theories, the carrying out of which should be the main thing in the book, but they are not clearly enough defined in his own mind for them to take any hold upon the reader, or have any special interest for him. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TO SECURE THE MATERIAL for the story contained in 'His Great Self,' Marion Harland has gone down into Virginia to Westover, the ancestral home of the Byrds, and, with the assistance of the lady and gentleman who own the place, has there gathered the ancient traditions of the family who built the home and occupied it for so many generations. She has taken the story of Evelyn Byrd, the beautiful and attractive daughter of William Byrd of Westover—called William the Second in the family papers and talk—romantic enough in itself, and has woven into it certain fancies of her own to make of it a more complicated narrative. Evelyn Byrd was beloved by and betrothed to Lord Peterborough, a Roman Catholic nobleman, but her father prevented the marriage on account of the noble suitor's religion. Refusing all other offers, she died of a broken heart. The legend runs that the pale shade of the fair Evelyn walks by night in the corridors of Westover, and along the rose-alleys, wan and woful, forever plucking at the ring placed upon her finger by her titled lover. Among these simple and touching facts our author has placed a number of side issues and several persons who have a decided bearing upon the narrative—a man occupying the position of private secretary to Colonel Byrd and a clergyman, both in love with Evelyn, the first bent on mischief, the second vowing to protect Evelyn from him. There is not much significance in the title, 'His Great Self,' and the story is not as interesting as it should be. The effort to give it a flavor of life in those early days is rather a failure, and the slight attempt at dialect in it is poor. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

MALCOLM MCLENNAN, in his volume of sketches called 'Muckle Jock, and Other Stories,' makes an earnest endeavor to enlist our sympathies for the peasants in his native village in Scotland by picturing their lives as he knows them. The working man in the cities he thinks has had ample attention bestowed upon him, has in fact been made too much of. He has no theory to propound, no dogma to illustrate; he only asks our interest in and sympathy for a class whose mute endurance and patient suffering and toil, from age to age, are sufficient guarantees that human consideration for them will involve small risk of spoiling either their heads or hearts. In the most graphic manner, he portrays the peasant toiling to manhood through the various stages of herd, halfling, lad and plowman in a labor that is monotonous, stupefying, slow and lowly. This creature is a peaceable animal, and in his dull, heavy way he is social too. He is slow of mind as of body; not studious of new things; and indeed, as he advances in life he clings to things as they are with a peculiar tenacity. He is reticent of his feelings and seldom states an opinion; perhaps he rarely forms one. Constitutionally reserved and shy, when he does a wooing go he prefers to woo privily, and manifests odd susceptibility if his secret is spoken of. Hence it is his accustomed course that most of his wooing is done out of doors, out of sight of parents and friends, and in darkness. One can imagine what life would be lived out among such creatures as these. It must be the dulllest, dirtiest, and most stupid and most vulgar of lives; but where there are human lives lived out there must be joys and sorrows, pleasant things and sufferings. McLennan has been most successful in his appeal to all that is human in his readers; few writers who have started out by

avowing their object have attained it so completely. It seems an absurdity to describe the persons and fortunes of creatures like these; they are grotesque, and such goodness as is in them is hidden away for the most part in one of the unclean crannies which are the lurking-places of so many of our race. But one takes the same pleasure in them that a scientist might take in contemplating drops of stagnant water under a microscope, and one ends by liking them because they are so human-hearted, or because they have had the good luck to fall into the hands of a man whose skill is such as to illuminate even their forlorn and apparently hopeless lives. Certain it is that pathos and humor, humanism in fact in every form, combine in these sketches to make them almost perfect. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

THE LATEST ISSUES in the new edition of Peacock's novels are 'Maid Marian,' which is timely as being the story dramatized in Lord Tennyson's 'Foresters'; and 'The Misfortunes of Elphin,' based upon the old Welsh legends of the minstrel Taliesin and Uther Pendragon and his famous son. The former was written, though not published, before Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' from which it might otherwise be supposed to have got some hints. It is hardly inferior to Scott in its humor, while, strangely enough, it is superior in the lyrics scattered through its pages. It attracted more attention out of England than any other of Peacock's works, having been translated into German in 1823 (the year after its publication) and into French in 1826. In 'The Misfortunes of Elphin' the author has combined the legends of Elphin and Taliesin with tales of Arthur nowise connected with them, though Taliesin is said to have been chief bard at Arthur's court, and Elphin was reckoned among the Knights of the Round Table. Seithenyn, another of the characters in the novel, has been aptly called 'the Cambrian Falstaff.' He is the most 'flesh-and-blood' personage in the story, the characterization of the rest being somewhat shadowy. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)—THE PRETTILY ILLUSTRATED edition of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' issued by Macmillan & Co. is followed up, after an interval of months, by a pretty edition, without illustrations, and costing just half as much, in the Knickerbocker Nugget Series. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN A SMALL TOWN in Germany there live an attractive young girl and her grandmother upon a pension, which dies with the old lady, leaving the girl dependent upon the world for support. A woman of wealth and position in Paris advertises for a companion, and our heroine, answering the advertisement, pleases this person, because of certain qualities she possesses which the older woman thinks might be transferred to herself by a species of mind-willing. She is a firm believer in the idea of the transference of mind and character as well as of thought, and she is convinced that some proportion of this girl's idealism can be made to pass into her practical nature, thereby rendering it much more attractive. The girl's presence in the house is seriously objected to by this woman's nephew, because she is a German; his race prejudice is so strong that it takes a sudden passion conceived for the girl on his part to overcome it. Just at this point a Russian is introduced into the family, who plays an important part in the lives of all of them. In connection with him the author of this work, Frederic Marshall, undertakes to develop the theory of hypnotism, to show its mental and moral effects, and the extent to which its influence can be carried. It must be confessed that the effort to do this is not a successful one. The subject is always interesting, but it is a large and a difficult one to handle, and requires unusual ability to keep it from descending to the absurd. The story is called 'It Happened Yesterday'—why, you cannot say. It closes with the remark, 'As all this happened yesterday, there is no more to tell. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

'A DAUGHTER OF HETH,' 'In Silk Attire' and 'A Princess of Thule' are the first of the issues in a new and revised edition of William Black's novels—an edition which the author looked forward to with pleasure, because it would at least have the mechanical merit of uniformity. These pages have been thoroughly revised; verbal and other inaccuracies have been corrected; crooked places have been made straight; conversations condensed; and a number of typographical errors, from which the sense of the story has occasionally suffered, have been removed. Mr. Black's intention at first was to re-shape and re-write his novels for this edition, to a certain extent at least. That, however, was found to be impracticable, and it is just possible that a certain freshness of touch might have been ill-replaced by a nice precision. The new edition of his books will probably come with greater pleasure to his readers in their original form. (\$1 each. Harper & Bros.)—THE THIRD NUMBER of Mrs. Flora Haines Loughhead's the Gold Dust Series is called 'Santos's Brother.' It is the story of a man who lost his

wits through fright at the burning of a hospital of which he was an inmate, and who regained them at the sight of his sweetheart in similar danger when the convent, on the day on which she was waiting to take the veil, was destroyed by fire. It is told with incident and fancy, but lacks sustained force. Mrs. Loughhead is a conscientious writer; she finds her material in the commonplace life about her; but there is an uncertainty of touch about much of her work that destroys the triumph of pathos toward which her stories are aimed. The little volume is completed by a sketch called 'Sealskin Annie,' which illustrates in a rather marked degree the point we have just made. (25 cts. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.)

#### Minor Notices

THE UNPRETENDING but pleasantly written little book entitled 'Twelve Months in Peru,' by E. B. Clark, gives us some interesting glimpses of the far interior of the Peruvian Republic. The author is an English lady, who had already gained some experience of South America during a few months' sojourn in Brazil, and had there acquired a keen interest in the Peruvian Indian race. She was therefore glad to seize an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with them. In 1889 she visited Peru, and after a brief stay in Lima, of which she gives a readable description, with some account of its unhappy experiences in the Chilean war, she betook herself to the lofty abode of a family of English friends, engaged in a mining enterprise among the Andean heights. Starting in an American car on 'the great Oroya railroad,' her party at a distance of fifty miles from Lima reached the station of San Bartolomé, already nearly 5000 feet above the ocean level. Here a disaster to the railroad—an important bridge having been carried away by a flood—obliged the author and her companions to make the remainder of the journey on mule-back, for several days, until, after passing Huascacochu Lake, one of the sources of the Amazon, at the height of 17,000 feet, they finally reached the lonely little house, with its English farm-house look and pleasant thatch, which was to be her home for the winter. 'How strange it is,' she adds, 'to dwell in this Andean nest, with snowy Puy-Puy gazing so benignly on our solitude, and hundreds of graceful llamas browsing on the slopes around. The Cholo-Indian dwellers in the few surrounding huts look kindly on us as they murmur Quichnu blessings, and the children soon become our little friends, and run and join us in our walks.' It is, in fact, the description of these Indians that gives its chief attraction to the book. Their gentleness and their taste for quiet social amusements, with 'the general goodwill which pervaded the race,' and manifested itself in friendly yet self-respecting demonstrations towards the English residents, give an impression of them widely different from the common opinion of the Indian character. We see how it was that with such a patient and easily disciplined race the Incas were able to build up their remarkable empire. It is evident that there is material in the race for making, under a judicious system of government, a people capable of taking a respectable rank among civilized communities. (Macmillan & Co.)

'THE CONDITION of the Working-Class in England in 1844,' by Frederick Engels, is a socialistic work, the original of which is in German. It was translated into English in 1885 by Mrs. Florence K. Wischnewetzky, and published in New York; and this translation has now been republished in England with a preface by Mr. Engels written in 1892. The book is a perfect tirade against what the author calls the English 'bourgeoisie.' Several chapters are devoted to showing the condition of the poorest classes in England in 1844, and the impression is given that such was the condition of the whole laboring class in that country at the time specified. The essential point of the book, however, lies in the assertion, which is repeatedly made, that the misery of the working class is caused by the 'exploitation' of the capitalist; the wage-worker is called a slave; and the capitalists are charged in explicit terms with wholesale murder. Such rant is repulsive to the impartial student of social affairs and to all sincere friends of the working people; yet Mr. Engels in his new preface retracts not a word of what he originally wrote. In one important respect the book is a ludicrous failure. It is filled with predictions of a coming revolution in England; the assertion is made that 'society is already in a state of visible dissolution' (p. 131); and the reader is solemnly warned that the wrath of the working-class 'before too long a time goes by, a time almost within the power of man to predict, must break out into a Revolution, in comparison with which the French Revolution and the year 1794 will prove to have been child's play' (p. 18). Nearly half a century having elapsed without the great overturning anticipated by Mr. Engels, he appears to have changed his mind about it; and he now lives in the hope of seeing socialism prevail in England—a hope as baseless and as

unlikely of fulfilment as his prophecy of the great Revolution. For our part, we are sick of such books as this, and we believe the world is getting sick of them too. (\$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

MR. WILBUR ALDRICH, a Wall Street lawyer, has published a work entitled 'Farming Corporations,' in which he undertakes to show the farmers of the country how to better their condition. He maintains that the great need of the farmers is organization; and he therefore proposes that they shall form themselves into what he calls industrial corporations, but what in fact are co-operative associations. He enters into the details of the subject at great length, to show the farmers how to organize such co-operative societies and what benefits may be expected from them. His expectations are of the most glowing kind, for he believes that such 'farming co-operations' would not only greatly enhance the profits of farming itself, but would enable the farmers to be their own bankers, maintain their own steamship lines, and build a canal across the continent from Maine to Oregon. For our part, however, we have little faith in the success of industrial co-operation within any time that can now be foreseen. Co-operative stores have had good success in England, and will doubtless in time become common everywhere; but productive co-operation has not succeeded except in a few special cases. Nevertheless, if the farmers can make it a success, none would rejoice more heartily than we should; and experiments in this direction, if the farmers see fit to try them, would undoubtedly be useful to the world at large, however they might result to the farmers themselves. (W. Aldrich & Co.)

'366 DINNERS' is a dainty little volume in white and blue, which will doubtless be as useful to the hostess as its appearance would be attractive to the guests; for it is not a cook-book in brown oil-cloth covers, to be relegated to the floury hands of the cook, but a calendar of *menus* to be kept off the drawing-room table only because early guests might look in it under the day of the month and discover what was to be given them. In her preface the compiler, M. E. N., states very distinctly the purpose of the little book, which is to suggest quickly to the housekeeper bills-of-fare composed of the things in season. With rare foresight she has included the 29th of February, realizing that to the housekeeper every year is leap year. Each *menu* is introduced by a quotation from literature. We believe it was Catherine Owen who wrote an essay called 'Culture and Cooking'—an association of ideas, we must confess, that seems more appropriate than 'Culture and Anarchy'; but what a sentence from Socrates has to do with a *purée* of string-bean soup we cannot surmise, or why Aristotle should be employed to announce the seasonableness of baked Hubbard squash. There may be a certain appropriateness in these words from Seneca, 'Time and patience have often cured what reason could not,' before a rather heterogeneous *menu*; but we should be the last to wish to press the application, and we decidedly prefer taking our poetry and philosophy from their original sources rather than from this force-meat ball of literature. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

#### Magazine Notes

*The Cosmopolitan* for May offers a light and varied entertainment by well-known performers. First comes a portrait of Lowell, facing his poem, 'The Nobler Lover,' engrossed and illustrated by Walter Crane. Then, at some distance, we have 'Two Visits to the Lapps,' by Mr. Boyesen, with photographs of mountain Lapps and their reindeer, and sea Lapps and their boats. 'King Henry Christophe I. of Hayti, his palace of Sans Souci, his fortress of Laferrier, his Princes of Lemonade and Dukes of Marmalade are described by Luther G. Billings. Henry James writes well and feelingly of the late Wolcott Balestier. Though light in manner, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's 'School, College and Library' is full of excellent suggestions. Harvard has gained much by dispensing with the old strict discipline of the days when the President was a sort of Chief of Police, and when the boys robbed hen-roosts and drank egg-flip on the College green. Many of our greatest libraries have found that it is perfectly safe to give the public free access to their books. But our public-school system is still an enormous machine, with no chance for individuality, and in constant need of criticism from its friends. The possibilities of mechanical flight are hopefully considered by Mr. S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Frank Stockton has a short story, 'Asaph'; Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman a poem, 'Fall-staff's Song'; Brander Matthews writes of 'Certain American Essayists,' including Mr. Curtis, Col. Higginson, Miss Reppiler and Mr. Lowell; and the editor throws off a farce—'Evening Dress.'

'*The Knight Errant*,' which introduces itself as a 'quarter-yearly review of the liberal arts,' and, moreover, as a 'magazine of appreciation,' seems to embody the soul of the defunct 'Hobby-Horse.' It bears a mediæval design on its cover of a knight who, his eyes fixed on a cloud from which issues a beam of light, is marching straight into a quagmire. We hope it may not prove prophetic, and that our mail-clad friend may not be led astray by light from Heaven or elsewhere, nor be brought down too suddenly to the commonplace, like Baudelaire's *marchand des nues*. The technique of Mr. Goodhue's designs is decidedly more suitable to their purpose than that of most of our modern engravings, and we confess that we love good paper and broad margins, even when the message that they carry seems unnecessarily obscure. The magazine will be issued only in unbroken volumes, at three dollars a year, and, for the present year, but 500 copies will be printed. This first number has for frontispiece a photogravure of Luini's charming lady with a columbine. (Elzevir Press, 106 Pearl St., Boston.)

The *May Review of Reviews* contains a 'Character Sketch' of Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. Stead, with several illustrations; a timely article on 'Conventions and Summer Gatherings,' by the American editor; and the 'Leading Articles of the Month.' Short reviews on articles of special interest in the magazines include a great variety of topics, from Major Delaunay's theory of rings of meteors around the earth to the author of 'Mademoiselle Ixe'; and the shorter reviews and notices are very numerous.

In *The Forum* for May, Bishop H. C. Potter pleads for the idea of an American cathedral as a needed means of worship. We are an irreverent people, he claims, because we see nothing to evoke our reverence; so he proposes to create popular religious feeling by doing what people in former ages did when they had the feeling and wanted to express it. He makes an excellent point against those who claim that the cathedral idea is un-American by contrasting its open interior, free to everybody, with the rented, pew-filled aisles of our ordinary American churches. An article worth reading for its manner, even if one does not quite agree with its matter, is Mr. E. L. Godkin's 'Idleness and Immorality.' The writer points out that for the first time since modern history began there is a wealthy class, who not only need not work, but who are actually barred out from all useful employment, and who have to occupy themselves with a life of amusement, leading naturally to vice. Prest. Timothy Dwight reckons that 'The True Purpose of the Higher Education' is to train men to think broadly; the coming era will be, for colleges as well as for individuals, one of wide culture. Anton Seidl writes on 'The Development of Music in America'; and the Hon. M. D. Harter, Senator William F. Vilas and J. C. Hemphill, editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, of various aspects of the late silver craze and the present danger from continued storing of silver in Washington.

'Anthropological Work in Europe,' by Prof. F. Starr, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for May, gives a summary account of collections and methods of work in Berlin, Paris, Rome, Leyden, Basle and many other cities. Among the portraits given in the article are those of Profs. Virchow, Ranke, Bastian, Mantegazza and de Mortillet. Interesting popular articles are on 'Cave Dwellings of Men,' by W. H. Larrabee; 'Evolution in Folk-Lore,' by David D. Wells, and 'A Desert Fruit'—the prickly pear—by Grant Allen. The first-mentioned is illustrated. A portrait of Volta is prefixed to the number.

#### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Volumes XV. and XVI. of the '*Bankside Shakespeare*.'—The first of these volumes, 'Richard III.,' is edited by Mr. Elias A. Calkins, who furnishes an introductory essay of 52 pages 'touching the historical basis of the play, its motive, authorship, and stage history.' After a sketch of the houses of Lancaster and York, the Wars of the Roses, the life of Richard as Gloucester and as King, with some account of the Tudors, Sir Thomas More's 'repulsive physical and moral portraiture' of Richard is reviewed, and the 'malevolent inspiration' of Cardinal Morton in the work duly recognized. Shakespeare's play is then taken up, its anachronisms are noted, and its relation to the 'True Tragedie' of 1594 is discussed. Reference is also made to the 'supposititious ante-Shakespearean play on the same subject' of which only a few lines have been preserved—one of these being 'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is ta'en,' found also in Shakespeare's drama—and Mr. Calkins thinks it more probable that in his earlier youth the poet may have had a hand in this previous work than that he founded his own play upon it—that he lent out of his riches to the other author, not, like a son of poverty, borrowing from the other to

enrich himself.' That the present play is Shakespeare's Mr. Calkins does not doubt, though he admits that 'to differ with Dr. Lowell is to differ with high authority.' He remarks:—

It is my opinion that 'Richard III.' has, as peculiarly and distinctively, all the features of Shakespeare's style—that is, as to the entire play, its construction, the responsive and spirited tone that animates its dialogue, its vast variety of dramatic characters, and its other qualities—as have 'Lear' or 'Macbeth.' It is not as great a play as either 'Lear' or 'Macbeth,' but it is as intensely Shakespearean in all its parts as any play bearing his name. . . . Whatever may be said of the procession of the ghosts [which, it will be recollected, Lowell regarded 'as ludicrous and odd, rather than impressive'], nowhere else does the action of the play droop or weaken. It sustains itself everywhere, and the catastrophe is approached with the directness and energy that mark the accomplishment of destiny.

The texts printed in parallel pages are of course the earliest quarto—that of 1597—and the folio of 1623; the respective origin and authority of which, as the Cambridge editors observe, 'is perhaps the most difficult question which presents itself to an editor of Shakespeare.' Mr. Calkins is inclined to believe, with Mr. P. A. Daniel, that the quarto used in printing the folio was the sixth, published in 1622. It is certainly more probable, he thinks, that the printers would use a text printed the year before than one printed between 1597 and 1605 (the dates of the first and fifth quartos) 'from the very simple proposition that it is easier to get access to a publication a year old than to one twenty or more years old.' Mr. Daniel endeavors to show, by a minute collation of the texts, that the copy of the sixth quarto used for the folio had been 'enlarged and altered in accordance with the manuscript copy of the folio version which had been preserved in the library of the theatre'—a theory which is perhaps as plausible as any that has been advanced, when none is really satisfactory.

Vol. XVI., dealing with 'Henry V.,' is edited by the Rev. Henry Paine Stokes, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, whose book on 'The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays' (London, 1878) gained the Harness prize in 1877. His introductory essay here, though brief (15 pages), is scholarly and adequate. He does not agree with Mr. Daniel that the quarto of 1600—the one reproduced in this volume with the folio—'represents a version of the play shortened for the stage,' and at the same time 'corrected.' The conclusion to which he thinks we may come as to the relation of the texts 'is not that the quartos have corrections on the copy used for the folio, nor *vice versa*, but that there were separate copies of the stage play, used by the different editors.' The folio editors 'had much the more complete copy,' but the reproduction of it in print was made with their usual carelessness. 'We may congratulate ourselves that the players had preserved a fairly good stage copy of "The Life of Henry V.," for, otherwise, though the quartos may have retained for us something of "the plaie of Pistoll," they would have handed down to us a meagre and disjointed account of *Henry V.* and of *Agincourt*;' for 'it is only in the comic scenes, in the portions where Pistol swaggers, or where Fluellen uses his tongue or his bludgeon, that the quarto gives a full and lengthy, if not an altogether correct, report.'

An interesting feature in this volume, in addition to the parallel texts of the regular 'Bankside' plan, is the photographic reproduction of 'The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,' printed in black-letter (with stage-directions and names of speakers in Roman) in 1598. Worthless as this old play is in itself, there can be no doubt that it furnished Shakespeare with an outline, not only of 'Henry V.,' but also of the two parts of 'Henry IV.'

Both of the volumes are printed with the same care as their predecessors, and do honor to the Riverside Press. Only four more volumes are to come before this excellent edition will be complete; and few of the limited number of copies (250 in all) remain unsold. Orders for sets may be addressed to Brentano's (\$2.50 per vol.).

**A New Volume of the 'Cambridge' Edition.**—The sixth volume of the revised reprint of the 'Cambridge' Shakespeare, just published by Macmillan & Co. (\$3), contains 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' The introduction remains as in the former edition, but the collation of the texts in the foot-notes has been extended and corrected, as in the preceding volumes. Typographically the books are faultless and a delight to the eye. Three more volumes, to be issued at intervals of three months, will complete the edition.

**'The Homes and Haunts of Shakespeare.'**—Two more numbers, the 5th and 6th, of this elegant serial have been published by Charles Scribner's Sons (\$2.50 each). Charlecote, associated with the tradition of Shakespeare's deer-stealing, is the subject of one; Shroton, where he found Ann Hathaway, that of the other. The

illustrations of the former include several views of the hall and the park, exquisite in execution as in the selection of points of view and those of the latter give both the exterior and interior of the cottage where Ann is said to have lived (the interior being the facsimile of a charming water-color by Millet), with the brook which all who have visited Shroton will remember, the footpath across the fields from Stratford by which William went a-wooing, the entrance to the village from that path, and also by the street, and several other pictures of the neighborhood. In the large photograph of the cottage one readily recognizes old Mrs. Baker, for so many years the guardian of the place, standing near the well in the garden. The colored view in Part V, is 'Morning at Kenilworth,' from the original by Alfred Parsons. The high standard of the illustrations is fully maintained in these instalments of the publication, which far surpasses all former works describing and delineating the home and haunts of the dramatist.

**Prof. Hales's 'Essays and Notes on Shakespeare.'**—A new edition of the 'Essays and Notes on Shakespeare,' by Prof. J. W. Hales (originally published in 1884), has been brought out by George Bell & Sons. It contains a number of magazine articles, the most notable of which are on the journey from Stratford to London in the poet's day, on 'Stratford in 1605,' on 'Chaucer and Shakespeare,' and on 'King Lear.' There are also a number of reviews of Shakespearean books (Schmidt's 'Lexicon,' Bell's and Singer's editions of Shakespeare, Mrs. Furness's 'Concordance to the Poems,' etc.), with many brief notes on passages in the plays, etc., contributed to the *Saturday Review*, *Academy*, and other critical journals. There is much of this matter that was well worth gathering into a volume, and students of Shakespeare will be glad to have it in this convenient form.

**Tennyson and 'Titus.'**—Mr. William Watson, in a justly eulogistic review of 'The Foresters' in the London *Academy* for April 9, feeling bound by 'the natural instincts of his kind,' as a critic, to find some fault with what he is compelled in the main to praise, says:—

In this lovely sylvan world of the poet's fancy I was sorry to be reminded, even for a moment, of that hideous production which we have all tried so hard to believe not Shakespeare's—'Titus Andronicus.' When Much says 'More water goes by the mill than the miller wots of,' he is, for aught I know, quoting what may well have been a common proverb at an earlier date than Shakespeare's; but the reminiscence of the dramatist's 'More water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of' ('Titus' ii., i., 85) is too close a verbal coincidence to be entirely happy.

The critic should not have had a doubt whether the expression was an old proverb. Ten to one Lord Tennyson did not take it from 'Titus.' It is found in Scotch as in early English writers. Collier quotes an example from 'The Cobbler of Canterbury,' 1590: 'for the blind eats many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots not on.' For myself I could not have told in what play of Shakespeare's the 'saw' occurred.

### Sappho

ON THE FAYUM FRAGMENTS OF HER POEMS IN THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM AT BERLIN

#### I

RED BLOOM of Lesbian apple-orchards wafted through the years  
Falls on these shriveled parchments, like a rain of fragrant fire;  
Yet burns not, save where love's half-hidden palimpsest appears,  
Flame meeting flame, in rain of Sappho's tears—love's hot desire.

#### II

If these be leaves of song, blown hither o'er an æon mute,  
Oft eddying with the æon's tempests—ever borne along,  
How sweeter far the hour when green-hid boughs bent low with fruit,  
And Sappho read her love-lay, bloom and fruitage, all a song.

#### III

If these be ruins of the gems crushed 'neath the feet of time,  
Firm, chambered lights e'en yet to love-crown souls illuminate,  
Glints of her passion, fragments of a flaming jewel rhyme,—  
What was the coronet she wore? O, answer shameless fate!

#### IV

O'er these from Lesbos and her love-couch, shine refulgent moons,  
Grow thick brown myrtle, starry jonquil, floating maiden-hair.  
Out of her heart-throb, quick and troubled, breathe Æolian tunes;  
Red oleander, love-embazoned, tints the dreamy air.

#### V

These be not vineyards on the hillside, clustered fruit and vine:  
These be not blossoms in the valley, gold of daffodil:—  
These are the red drops in time's chalice of love's wildering wine:  
These are the perfume from life's garden Sappho's songs distil.

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

## "The Tract 'De Tribus'"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Your issue of Feb. 13 contained a review of 'The Browning Cyclopædia,' by Dr. Berdœ, in which the writer called attention to those obscure lines in 'The Ring and the Book' where Caponsacchi asserts that he wrote the forged letters to Pompilia 'when Saint John wrote the tract, "De Tribus."' Both author and reviewer claim that this is an allusion to the famous passage about the three heavenly witnesses in the First Epistle of St. John, v. 7, now acknowledged to be an interpolation. Is not this a much graver error than those which are instanced from Mr. Cooke's 'Browning Guide-Book'? Any classical dictionary would soon set one right in regard to Peiraos and Alkamenos, but this explanation of Caponsacchi's words is so misleading that one could never overtake the truth. The disputed passage concerning the three witnesses was found in very few MSS., and was not included in Erasmus's edition of the New Testament, nor in that of Aldus. Roman judges, in 1698, would no more have recognized the First Epistle of St. John under the name of 'the tract "De Tribus"' than would we to-day, and the poet did not put such a weak denial as this into the mouth of his brave Canon.

There was a tract, 'De Tribus Impostoribus,' referred to by countless writers during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—a tract which the orthodox mentioned with bated breath, so blasphemous was it—a tract which was the Wandering Jew of literature, accused, appearing at intervals in France, in a book-seller's shop in Genoa, and in the 'Enfer' of a German Prince's library. Belief in the existence of this manuscript was universal, yet no man had seen it, no one could give an account of its contents, save that it was a covert attack on the true religion, and that the three impostors were Moses, Jesus Christ and Mahomet. The authorship of this elusive work was ascribed to almost every famous scholar, from Averroës to Bruno. Bernard Ochín, at one time Vicar-General of the Capuchins, was among the number credited with its composition. Browning drew more than one incident for his poems from Boverio's 'Annals of the Capuchins,' and he doubtless found allusions to this tract in the Life of Ochín, as there recorded in the Father's 'Annals.'

With the 'De Tribus' in mind, we can feel the force of the Canon's irony. When Saint John—the Apostle who, above all the others, insists upon the divinity of the Son of Man—when he wrote this mysterious tract which attacks that divinity, then I wrote the letters. In the same vein he declares in lines 1637-9 that

When the Holy Father wrote  
The bestiality that posts through Rome,  
Put in his mouth by Pasquin,—

when the Pope composed those abusive satires, of which he and the Cardinals were the chief objects, then the innocent Pompilia wrote

The pack of stupid and impure  
Banalities called letters about love.

SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK.

S. A. WETMORE.

[Mr. Wetmore is unquestionably right in his interpretation of Caponsacchi's allusion, and the reviewer was of course wrong in endorsing Dr. Berdœ's explanation. It is proper, however, to say that the reviewer's attention was called to this particular note by a literary friend who thought it a good illustration of the manner in which the book cleared up certain of the most obscure of Browning's obscurities. He (the reviewer) did not himself read the note very carefully, or he would have said that the allusion was probably to some controversial 'tract' upon the passage in St. John, and not to the passage itself, which certainly would never be called a 'tract.' With this understanding of the allusion it seemed apt enough: Pompilia could no more have written the forged letters than St. John could be supposed to have written a criticism, upon an interpolation in his own gospel made after his death.

The way of the annotator of Browning (and of other poets, sometimes) is hard, and beset with pitfalls that may cause him a ridiculous tumble now and then. A plausible explanation of an allusion may suggest itself at first thought—so plausible that it is accepted and set down without a second sober thought; and yet it may be wrong. To take the first example that occurs to the writer, Tennyson in his earlier poem on 'Freedom' has this stanza:

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar gazing down,  
Who, god-like, grasps the triple forks,  
And, kinglike, wears the crown.

The 'isle-altar' at once suggests a personified England, with whom the personified Freedom is apparently in a way identified; and 'the triple forks' seem to be as clearly a reference to England's supremacy at sea, symbolized by the trident of Neptune.

So Dr. Rolfe explained it in the first edition of his 'Enoch Arden, and Other Poems,' where the note is as follows:—'*God-like*. Like Neptune with his trident.' But in the second edition the note reads thus:—'*God-like*. Like Jove with his thunderbolts (*trifulca fulmina*). The correction was probably suggested by Lord Tennyson himself, to whom credit is given in the book for several other slight changes in the notes. It is doubtful whether any other person would have detected the error.

Dr. Berdœ is often guilty of mistakes less excusable than this. Like Mr. Cooke, in his 'Browning Guide-Book,' he often defines a word or explains an allusion without the slightest attention to the context. These are 'graver errors,' in one sense, than that on 'the tract "De Tribus"': for they show carelessness on the part of the commentator, while he might make the other slip though he were ever so careful.

Another curious example of the latter type of mistake may be added, while one is upon the subject, and this also happens to be from a note on Tennyson, who writes thus in the 44th section of 'In Memoriam':—

How fares it with the happy dead?

For here the man is more and more;

But he forgets the days before

God shut the doorways of his head.

A college professor, who has done much good critical work, appends the following note to this in a school edition of selections from 'In Memoriam':—'The aged man, when the senses, *the doorways of his head*, are shut, forgets most of what he has lived, but now and then gives forth a hint that all is not lost.' There could hardly be a worse blunder in exegesis. The allusion, not particularly obscure, in *doorways of his head*, is to the sutures in the infant skull; and the meaning is, *before these sutures had closed*, or before the baby was a year old or so. The annotator transfers the allusion from infancy to age, though a careful study of the context would show the absurdity of his explanation. Very likely the interpretation seemed at the moment so natural and satisfactory that he did not scan the context closely, or twisted it into conformity with the wrong interpretation. Critics have been known to persist in this latter perversity even when their mistakes have been pointed out to them; as another college professor, of greater eminence as a critic, obstinately adhered to his assertion that 'the captain of my dreams' in the latter part of 'The Dream of Fair Women' is the *sun*, though, as another editor had explained, it is *the morning star, Venus*, the sun being still below the horizon, as the context proves. In this instance the author of the poem was appealed to, and of course sustained the latter explanation.

Verily, as we have already said, the way of the annotator is hard even when dealing with a poet like Tennyson, to say nothing of Browning.—THE REVIEWER.]

## The Fine Arts

### The Society of American Artists' Exhibition—Second Notice

THOUGH we do not consider ourselves bound in conscience to find fault, especially where there is so much to praise, we cannot help objecting to Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield's 'Angel at the Gates of Paradise' as theatrical and unimaginative. To paint the angel's flaming sword from white-hot metal, and his handsome Semitic countenance lighted up from beneath, as though by a carefully-disposed kerosine lamp, is but realism out of place. Another sin against the ideal is Mr. Cox, whose study of a backbone and apertures in his nude 'Blonde' is not, in any proper sense, a picture at all. It is, no doubt, a good study of anatomy, but as much out of place in a public exhibition as a drawing from a skeleton. Mr. Chase's striking 'Portrait of Miss E——' is, to our mind, spoiled by the little technical triumph of the painting of the foreshortened elbow, which, though a very pretty elbow and very well painted, should hardly be made to usurp our attention to the exclusion of face and figure and everything else. It is possible that Mr. Chase has been irritated by frequent allusions to his careless painting of such accessories as hands and arms, and wishes to show, by this *tour de force*, that he can paint them well if he wants to. It is pleasant to turn, after these performances, to Mr. Frank V. Du Mond's 'Holy Family,' already known to many of our readers from the engraving in the December *Century*. This picture, it is true, bears the impress of the schools; but though it is to be desired that Mr. Du Mond may develop a more personal style, it is to be hoped that he will not forget the lessons in harmonious composition and treatment which he has so well learned. The group of three figures at table in a dim interior is a very attractive one, and the color, though little more than brown and grey, has a quiet life in it, which shows that the eye for color is there. There is really no difference but one of refinement between

the painting of white drapery in this picture and in Mr. Robert Reid's young woman reading 'A Letter.' Each makes the same analysis of tones, but while Mr. Du Mond recomposes them, Mr. Reid lets the spectator do that by putting a sufficient space between himself and the picture. Hence the superior brilliancy of the color in Mr. Reid's and other Impressionistic paintings, a brilliancy sometimes obtained at a loss of harmony and refinement. A striking example of this is Mr. Childe Hassam's study, a 'Midsummer Morning' in Celia Thaxter's garden of poppies in the Isles of Shoals. Here, no doubt, were reds and greens, blue sea and white rocks, to 'tax the resources of a painter's palette,' as the novelists say. But it is hard believe that the general effect was as crude as in the painting.

We cannot close without mentioning Miss Louise H. King's 'Swan Song,' a study of the nude of very good quality; Mr. George W. Maynard's fair-haired 'Flora'; Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce's 'Portrait' of a young woman in black trying the effect of a white rose against her corsage; Mr. John H. Niemeyer's 'Upland Pasture'; Mr. Edward E. Simmons's 'The Carpenter's Son,' rather monotonous in color and handling, but an excellent bit of genre, nevertheless; Mr. Sterner's clever study, 'The Village Smith'; Mr. William Thorne's 'Purity'; Mr. Beckwith's 'Weeding'; and Mr. Frank Benson's successful open-air study of a young woman 'In an Old Garden.'

#### The Re-opening of the Metropolitan Museum

THE changes at the Metropolitan Museum are more numerous and more striking than usual. In the large central hall several important additions have been made to the collection of architectural models and casts. A model of Notre Dame, lacking, as yet, the apside and the sacristy, stands near the former entrance. A full-size reproduction of the Lysicrates monument at Athens—one-half restored, one-half composed of casts from the monument in its present condition—stands a little farther in. There is a model of the Roman Pantheon, restored by M. Chipiez, and casts from the Doge's palace at Venice, from the Cathedral of Rheims, etc. The hall can hardly take any more casts without over-crowding. Up-stairs, the room formerly occupied by a collection of electrotype casts of antiquities in the Hermitage Museum is now better filled by the collection of antiques and curios given to the Museum by Mr. Edward C. Moore. There are notable specimens of old Japanese work in pottery, lacquer, inlays and textiles; some very handsome pieces of Hispano-Moresque, Rhodian and Persian faience; Greek, Roman and Oriental glassware, and a number of terra-cotta statuettes, mostly of the class the authenticity of which has been called in question by Mr. Solomon Reinach and other archaeologists, and which, nevertheless, is finding acceptance in one museum after another. The large and heterogeneous collection of gems which has so long filled the centre of the 'Gold Room' has been taken away, which has given an opportunity for the proper display of the Lazarus collection of fans and miniatures. The walls of the 'Gold Room' and of the long corridor leading to it are covered with tapestries presented by the estate of the late Mrs. E. W. Coles. Mr. Marquand, who never lets a season pass unmarked by some valuable gift, has presented a careful of Roman antiquities, fragments of mosaic, painted stucco, marble and terra-cotta. A small collection of Aztec and other Indian antiquities in gold and silver, presented by Mr. G. H. Story, is in the 'Gold Room.' The collection of musical instruments has been much enlarged; and among the new paintings will be noticed Homer D. Martin's 'White Mountains,' Lefebvre's 'Diana,' Hennen's 'Magdalen' and Coffin's 'The Rain.'

#### Art Notes

MR. W. J. LOFTIE is still sauntering about the Temple Inn and among shades of its eminent inhabitants in the April number of *The Portfolio*. Among these ancient inhabitants mentioned in the present article are Charles Lamb, Thackeray, Cowper, Shirley, Boswell and Johnson. Old usages, like the blowing of the dinner-horn, are still kept up, we are told, and it is necessary for the student who would qualify for the bar to dine 'three times in term.' A view of the Inner Temple Library is printed as the frontispiece. An essay on Carpets, by A. H. Church, is illustrated with cuts of Eastern rugs. Mr. F. G. Stephens continues his review of Mr. Breton Riviere and his works, an example of which, a picture of lions attacking a herd of giraffes, is reproduced in photogravure. Beverley Minster and Hull, etched by Alfred Dawson on a single plate, make the other full-page illustration.

#### Boston Letter

DURING the past two weeks we have been reading in the newspapers that Prof. George H. Palmer, of Harvard, had accepted the call to the University of Chicago, and that Prof. Palmer had not accepted the call to the University of Chicago, and as each announcement was made with a certain air of authority there was nothing to do but wait for definite word from the Professor himself. That word has come. In a letter to *The Harvard Crimson*, Prof. Palmer praises most enthusiastically the 'superb university' at Chicago, its 'sagacious founder,' its 'resourceful president,' its 'capable trustees,' and its 'distinguished faculty,' but adds that he will not leave Harvard to join the new institution; for 'without disparaging other colleges Harvard men may fairly feel that there is something in their own university which renders it incomparable, potent for the future, compulsive of loyalty and of love.' Every Harvard man will rejoice that Prof. Palmer remains, for not only is he esteemed for his acknowledged learning and his great skill in teaching, but he is also held in warm regard for his personal qualities. He probably comes nearer to occupying the position that Dr. Peabody so long held with Harvard men than any other member of the College faculty, and that is saying a great deal in his praise. His stay and the accession of Prof. Munsterberg will make the philosophical department of Harvard very strong. Prof. Munsterberg, who has just sent his acceptance, begins his duties next October, but it is said that he has not yet acquired sufficient proficiency in the English language to permit work with any but advanced students for a time. He is a young man, somewhere about thirty, and yet has already won a high reputation abroad for originality and independence of thought. It is said that the urging of Prof. James led to the negotiations with the German professor.

The last volume of Mr. Francis Parkman's series of 'France and England in North America' is to appear from the house of Little, Brown & Co., the 21st of this month. Strictly speaking, in point of order it is not the last volume, for this 'Half Century of Conflict' will form the link between 'Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.' and 'Montcalm and Wolfe.' But by the publication of this new volume the magnificent historical work begun by Mr. Parkman forty-five years ago will be completed. (The France and England in North America Series was begun in 1865, but the two earlier volumes are practically part of the same great work.) The difficulties which Mr. Parkman has undergone in writing these books is familiar. One can never cease wondering how, afflicted as he was, he could accomplish this great task. At times his illness was of such a nature as to make literary work of any kind practically suicidal, and again he was hampered by eyesight so weakened that all work, even to the reading of the original documents, the compilation of notes and the arrangement of selected memoranda, as well as the writing from dictation of the books themselves, had to be done by means of an amanuensis. But we all know the flowing style of these books, the vivacious and brilliant descriptions and the valuable historical information embodied in the series. These same characteristics appear in the new volume, the advance-sheets of which I have been permitted to see, and the completed work establishes Mr. Parkman's right to the title of the leading historian of America. In the preface of 'A Half Century of Conflict' are to appear a few statements that may be interesting to quote now. 'Like the rest of the series,' says Mr. Parkman, 'this work is founded on original documents. The statements of secondary writers have been accepted only when found to conform to the evidence of contemporaries whose writings have been sifted and collated with the greatest care. As the extremists on each side have charged me with favoring the other, I hope I have been unfair to neither.' He gives also an idea of the vast amount of manuscript material collected for the preparation of the series by stating that they form nearly seventy volumes. 'These have been given by me,' adds the author in his preface, 'from time to time to the Massachusetts Historical Society in whose library they now are, open to examination to those interested in the subjects of which they treat.'

It was not Col. T. W. Higginson who spoke at the recent dinner to Thomas Nelson Page but Col. Henry Lee Higginson. In one paper it was recorded that Col. Lee Higginson spoke; in another that Thomas Wentworth Higginson spoke. This confusion of the two Col. Higginsons, however, is not uncommon. They are second cousins. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was Colonel of the First South Carolina Infantry (colored) and Henry Lee Higginson was Major of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. But at the very end of the War Henry Lee Higginson was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, so that he is often called Major but more often called Colonel. If only Thomas Wentworth Higginson had been given a Major-Generalship, which he deserved, it would have been

such a convenience! As it is, many people, even in Cambridge, suppose that the distinguished author carries on the Symphony Concerts while the banker often receives credit for those admirable addresses which his cousin delivers.

The dramatic season in Boston is ending quietly, but one event next week will be of especial interest. On the 26th of May a testimonial benefit is to be given Miss Annie Clarke under the auspices of prominent Boston citizens. Miss Clarke holds an unique position in the theatrical history of this city, forming one of the famous quartette of actors which included the late William Warren and the late Mrs. Vincent, besides Mr. Barron who is still with the company. She has won the reputation of being a most conscientious, earnest and talented leading lady in the old-stock company of the Boston Museum. In that theatre in 1852 she began acting as a child and there she rose through the various grades to the highest position, spending all her life, with the exception of a few years, on the boards of that one theatre. Now she leaves the Museum for good, much to the regret of all local play goers.

BOSTON, May 10, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### The Lounger

TO BE HEARTILY ENVIED is that person who subscribes for one magazine and one only, and when it reaches him is able to sit down in an easy chair by the window or under the light of a steady-burning lamp, and slowly read its pages. There is rare enjoyment in that. One who glances through all the magazines and reads none of them knows nothing of the pleasure that falls to the lot of the person who waits eagerly every month for the arrival of 'the magazine.' To the latter that arrival is an event. He cuts the pages in a leisurely way and reads everything from first to last, and very likely when an article strikes him with particular force—whether favorably or unpleasantly—he sits down and writes an eight-page letter to the editor, setting forth in full his pleasure or annoyance. With the posting of this letter he feels that he has done his duty, and he is more than repaid if he receives a reply. To so many of us the coming of the magazines is not an event but merely an episode. We look at the pictures, run our eyes over the table-of-contents, say to ourselves that this one is dull this month and the other more interesting than usual, read an article here and there, and think no more about it.

A RECENT NUMBER OF *Literary Opinion* has an interesting paper on Richard Jefferies by Miss Margaret Thomas, the sculptor of the naturalist's bust recently placed in Salisbury Cathedral. In another part of the same periodical Miss Thomas relates that when she was in Bath last year she accidentally discovered that Jefferies's parents had been residing in that city for nine years. She called upon them and found his father 'a healthy, good-looking man of seventy-five years of age, the obvious prototype of the "Farmer Iden" of "Amaryllis," and his mother, a small woman of seventy-three, an invalid.' They did not in the least desire to be brought into notice, and had not read many of their son's books, and were very far from realizing the extent of the fame he had achieved. They talked freely about 'Dick,' saying that he was 'forever sitting in the window writing with a piece of pencil.' The old folks marveled at their son's fame, and I suppose would have marveled more if they had known that it extended even to America, where the first edition of his books bring fancy prices.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS,  *fils*, has decided to abandon Paris, and reside at Marly-le-Roi. His fine collection of pictures will be sold by auction at the Hôtel Drouot in May. M. Dumas is to be envied. I have always said that I had rather be a successful author than anything else, for the simple reason that he can carry his stock in trade in his head and the pocket of his coat. In these days of fountain-pens there is no necessity of owning even an inkstand.

THE PERSONAL HABITS of M. Dumas (who, in his 67th year, is still called 'the younger') are characteristic. He rises at 6:30 in summer and at 7 in winter, says a Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*. After dressing, he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends, and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about 4, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at 7, and goes to bed between 10 and 11. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper, and needs from eight to nine hours of repose. In his retreat at Marly le Roi he will have fewer visitors, and those who do seek him

there will be only his close friends. He therefore will have more time for work; and it is his expectation, as he says, to produce many more plays and novels. He has several well blocked out, which he will finish during the summer, and at least two of his new plays will be seen on the Paris stage next fall. M. Dumas' next-door neighbor in the country will be Sardou.

FROM W. W. H. OF New Orleans comes this suggestion:— 'Mrs. Browning wrote a poem, or at least a rhymed sermon, on the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep." It now appears that these well-known verses are based on an error of translation. In the Teacher's Prayer-Book, Archbishop Barry tells us that the original Hebrew means, "He giveth his beloved during sleep"—that is, He bestows his bounty on them even while they are unconscious and incapable of effort or care. The entire verse is an exhortation not to worry. (Ps. 127, 2.) It seems to me that, for modern American life, here is a theme better even than Mrs. Browning's. If the mistaken rendering, "He giveth his beloved sleep," has excited so much tender emotion, what might not be expected from an artistic presentation of the much finer idea of that bountiful and protecting Power, who lavishes his free gifts on his beloved while they are wrapped in slumber and can do nothing of themselves? The young singers of *The Critic* are welcome to this *donnée*.'

A WOMAN IS as young as she looks; a man is as old as he feels. It is the recognition of this fact that makes most women—unmarried women—who have passed their —th year attempt to pass for eighteen or twenty: sometimes the older ones get themselves up for sweet sixteen, and there be silly Billies enough who are charmed at the assumption of *ingénuité* by maidens who have lost the freshness of the *débütante*. Man's recognition of the truth of the familiar saying is doubtless what prompts him to feel young at an age when a woman is only trying to appear so. And of the two, I think he is the wiser. Surely it is better to persuade yourself that you are still young (which is what you do when you feel fresh and strong) than to deceive others into thinking you so. And, come to think of it, the best way to look young is to feel so—to keep yourself in tip-top physical condition, instead of pencilling your eyebrows, rouging your cheeks, or putting red paste upon your lips.

LITTLE AS you might suspect it, these profound lucubrations owe their origin to the following passage from an article in an English weekly apropos of Robert Browning:—'A new meaning has been given to the phrase "old age" by this wonderful epoch of ours, which has produced Goethe, Victor Hugo, Lord Tennyson, and Robert Browning—Moltke, Bismarck, and Mr. Gladstone. When Shakespeare mourned over his "forty winters," when Coleridge called himself an old man at fifty, they little dreamed of a time to come when the fortunes of a civilized world should be lying in the hands of men of over seventy years of age.' In this country our 'statesmen' lose their grip at an earlier age than in England; but Bancroft carried on his historical researches to within a year or so of his death at the age of ninety; Whittier, last year, issued a booklet of charming verse at eighty-three; Dr. Holmes is still a delightful writer at eighty-two; and at eighty Mr. P. T. Barnum ceased to be a showman only by ceasing to exist. None of these famous old men, in all probability, felt (or feels) the full burden of his years; nor would they resent this allusion to their sprightliness at ages so advanced. I have no thought, however, of drawing up a list of women who look younger than they are. Fancy the fate of one who should attempt it! Not long ago a young woman of my acquaintance (aged about twenty) congratulated another young woman (aged at least eighty) upon looking so well; adding that she hoped she herself might look and feel as young when she arrived at the same age. She wished, the next moment, that she had added nothing to her first congratulations. She will know better the next time she addresses a gay young octogenarian of her own sex.

MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE gossips delightfully of her father in the forthcoming number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. She gives us the Thackeray of the home, the man who loved his children and his own fireside and his friends. Among the latter none were more intimate than the Leeches, and it was with wild delight that they were hailed to the hallowed precincts of Kensington. Thackeray was so pleased to have them as neighbors that he dispoiled his own home to beautify theirs. Says Mrs. Ritchie:—

I was going along the Kensington Road towards Palace Green one fine morning, when I met my father carefully carrying before him two blue Dutch china pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken away out of his own study. 'I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece,' he said. I followed him, hoping, I am afraid, that they would not stand there, for we were well used to lament

the accustomed disappearance of his pretty ornaments and china dishes. People may have stared to see him carrying his china, but that I do not now remember,—only this, that he was amused and interested, and that we found the iron gates open to the court in front, and the doors of the Leeches' house all wide open, though the house itself was empty and the family had not yet arrived. Workmen were coming and going, busy hammering carpets and making arrangements. We crossed the hall, and then my father led the way into the pretty old dining-room, with its new Turkey carpet and its tall windows looking to the gardens at the back. 'I knew they would stand there,' said he, putting up the two blue pots on the high narrow ledge; and there to my mind they will ever stand.

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE was the *nom de plume* of Thackeray's own valet, a man who, though a devoted servant to his master, ruled his inferiors with a rod of iron. He dined apart from the other servants, who looked upon him with awe. He is alive to-day, and probably still indulges in his favorite pastime—writing communications to the newspapers.

FIGURES are all very well in their way, but sometimes they only tell half-truths. For example, Mr. Walter Besant, who tries to be as fair to the publisher as he is loyal to the author, says:—'At present things are so constituted that the publisher knows the share of interest which goes to the bookseller, but the bookseller does not know the share that goes to the publisher. In the same way, the author knows his share, but has hitherto been carefully prevented from knowing the publisher's share.' Then, to make his meaning more clear, he works out this little sum, taking a novel that retails for \$1.50 as his groundwork:—

Cost of production, 20 cents. Bookseller pays 80 cents for it, and sells it for \$1.08. Author gets a royalty of 10 per cent., or 24 cents a copy. Result:

The publisher gets 36 cents.  
The bookseller gets 28 cents.  
The author gets 24 cents.

THERE IS AN old saying that there are none so blind as those who won't see. Mr. Besant is one of these blind men, for he won't see that the 36 cents is not spent by the publisher in riotous living. Books are not manufactured and then stored away on the publisher's shelves. They must be put into circulation to sell, and that is one of the heaviest of the publisher's expenses, not to mention the little items of advertising, rent and salaries. I am always glad when an author makes money, but I am not indignant when a publisher makes a little something. He takes great risks, much greater than an author would care to take, I fancy.

*Apropos* of Walter Besant, reference may be made to an interesting 'At Home' which appeared in a recent number of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*. 'The morning is the time for fiction,' remarked Mr. Besant to his interviewer, 'and three to four hours' work quite enough daily. That means roughly a thousand to fifteen hundred words, which, if we consider the amount of thought requisite, as well as of reference to various notes, makes a good morning's work.' As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Besant often works all day. By 'notes,' says a friend, the popular novelist no doubt means the numerous plots, incidents and characters that he keeps tied up in small brown paper parcels in a drawer. His books and articles are always type-written, the type-written MS. being regarded by him as a first proof, and revised accordingly.

## Poetry and Eloquence

[John Burroughs, in *The Chautauquan*.]

'WHERE does eloquence end, where does poetry begin?' inquires Renan in his 'Future of Science.' And he goes on to say, 'The whole difference lies in a peculiar harmony, in a more or less sonorous ring, with regard to which an experienced faculty never hesitates.' Is not the 'sonorous ring,' however, more characteristic of eloquence than of poetry? Poetry does begin where eloquence ends; it is a higher and finer harmony. Nearly all men feel the power of eloquence, but poetry does not sway the multitude, it does not sway at all, it lifts and illuminates and soothes. It reaches the spirit while eloquence stops with the reason and the emotions. Eloquence is much the more palpable, real, available; it is a wind that fills every sail and makes every mast bend, while poetry is a breeze touched with a wild perfume from field or wood. Poetry is consistent with perfect tranquillity of spirit; a true poem may have the calm of a summer day, the placidity of a mountain lake, but eloquence is a torrent, a tempest, mass in motion, an army with banners, the burst of a hundred instruments of music. Tennyson's 'Maud' is a notable blending of the two.

There is something martial in eloquence, the roll of the drum, the cry of the fife, the wheel and flash of serried ranks. Its end is action, it shapes events, it takes captive the reason and the understanding. Its basis is earnestness, vehemence, depth of conviction. There is no eloquence without heat, and no poetry without light. An earnest man is more or less an eloquent man. Eloquence belongs to the world of actual affairs and events; it is aroused by great wrongs and great dangers, it flourishes in the forum and the senate. Poetry is more private and personal, is more for the soul and the religious instincts; it courts solitude and woos the ideal. Anything swiftly told or described, the sense of speed and volume, is, or approaches, eloquence; while anything heightened and deepened, any meaning and beauty suddenly revealed, is, or approaches, poetry. Hume says of the eloquence of Demosthenes, 'It is rapid harmony, exactly adjusted to the sense. It is vehement reasoning without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continual stream of argument.'

The passions of eloquence and poetry differ in this respect—one is reason inflamed, the other is imagination kindled. Any object of magnitude in swift motion, a horse at the top of his speed, a regiment of soldiers on the double quick, a train of cars under full way, moves us in a way that the same object at rest does not. The great secret of eloquence is to set mass in motion, to marshal together facts and considerations, imbue them with passion and hurl them like an army on the charge upon the mind of the reader or hearer. The pleasure we derive from eloquence is more acute, more physiological, I might say, more of the blood and animal spirits than our pleasure from poetry. I imagine it was almost a dissipation to have heard a man like Father Taylor. One's feelings and emotions were all out of their banks like the creeks in spring. But this was largely the result of his personal magnetism and vehemence of utterance. The contrast between eloquent prose and poetic prose would be more to the point. The pleasure from each is precious and genuine, but our pleasure from the latter is no doubt more elevating and enduring. \* \* \*

## Notes

IN view of certain incorrect statements respecting the American edition of Mr. Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' Harper & Bros. desire to explain that the story was originally published serially in *The Graphic* of London, and *Harper's Bazar* of New York, having been revised by the author for such publication, and that while thus appearing serially it was set up and printed in book-form by the American publishers. Afterwards Mr. Hardy made many changes in the story, and these appeared in the English edition in book-form, but not in the first issue of the American edition, which had been already printed for reasons connected with the copyright. The new American edition, now on the market, has been thoroughly revised by Mr. Hardy, and is considerably expanded, according to the latest English edition.

—M. Daudet's next story will deal with the gipsies. He has been getting his facts together for this book for many years past, it is said.

—Henry F. Randolph, oldest son of A. D. F. Randolph, the publisher, died on Tuesday morning at his father's home in New York city. Mr. Randolph was thirty-seven years old. He was graduated from Amherst College, and was a close student of Greek. He was the compiler of 'Fifty Years of English Song' and the 'Book of Latter-Day Ballads.' Mr. Randolph was a hard worker, and in addition to being literary reader for his father's firm, he contributed to a number of periodicals.

—In spite of his eighty-two years, and his serious occupations, says *Literary Opinion*, the Pope still writes poetry. His last effort in this line was a Latin hymn, which was set to music by Maestro Mustafa, and sung in the Sistine Chapel. The Pope has subscribed ten thousand francs towards the international museum to be erected to Dante at Ravenna, and made that city a present of a rare portrait of the poet.

—'The One Good Guest' is the striking title of a new novel by Mrs. L. B. Walford, author of 'Mr. Smith' and 'The Baby's Grandmother,' which Longmans, Green & Co. will publish, in a few days, both in London and in New York. It will form the second volume in their new dollar series, of which Mr. Haggard's 'Nada' was the first.

—Lord Randolph Churchill's account of his African journeys and adventures is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. in an illustrated volume, entitled 'Men, Mines, and Animals in South Africa.' The book contains a portrait of the author, sixty-five illustrations, and a map.

—From the same source we learn that Mr. Murray became a reader for the press at the early age of six. When Croker wrote his 'Stories for Children from the History of England,' portions were submitted to young Murray, and his father—the 'Anak of publishers,' as Lord Byron called him—was requested to note any words that the boy did not understand, and to write down his criticisms. 'On this occasion,' said Croker, 'I should prefer a critic of six years old to one of sixty.'

—A fourth and cheaper edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Helen of Troy' will shortly appear. Although issued by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, the original publishers, the volume will be bound to match Messrs. Longmans' popular edition of Mr. Lang's works.

—In connection with the announcement that Professor Nichol is engaged upon a 'Carlyle' for the English Men-of-Letters Series, it may be worth noting, says the London *Sunday Sun*, that the regulation sum paid for these volumes is 100*l.* There has only been one exception—Froude's 'Bunyan.' Mr. Froude would not undertake the work for the ordinary fee, and was consequently paid 200*l.* The highest sum paid by Mr. Walter Scott for similar monographs is 40*l.* Mr. Austin Dobson got this for his 'Goldsmith,' and Mr. Edmund Gosse received the same for his 'Life of Congreve.'

—George William Curtis's address on James Russell Lowell delivered at the Brooklyn Institute will soon be published by Harper & Brothers in their Black and White Series. The volume will contain several portraits of Mr. Lowell, and will be in every way attractive.

—The death of Miss Amelia B. Edwards did not occur on Good Friday evening, as last week's London Letter states. Miss Paterson writes Dr. Winslow that it occurred at 5 A.M., and not at 'The Larches,' her home near Bristol, but at Weston-Super-Mare. Miss Edwards was sleeping up to about half past four when she awoke and endeavored to raise phlegm, as bronchitis had set in, giving her much distress. Then 'the end came suddenly and unexpectedly.' By her will Miss Edwards has endowed a chair of Egyptology. Her large and valuable library she bequeaths to Somerville Hall, Oxford.

—Charles E. Merrill & Co. have in press, and will publish early in June, a Manual of English History for Schools, by Dr. George Curry, late Master of the Charterhouse School, London; edited by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass.

—Another book by the popular Spanish novelist, Valera, the author of 'Pepita Ximenez' and 'Doña Luz,' is just published by D. Appleton & Co. The title is 'Don Braulio,' and the book has been translated from the Spanish of 'Pasarse de Listo' by Clara Bell. The Appletons will also publish 'The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle,' which will contain Carlyle's only novel, 'Wotton Reinfred,' also another unpublished manuscript, entitled 'Excursion (Futile Enough) to Paris,' a characteristic description of a journey with the Brownings and a visit to Lord Ashburton, as well as a collection of unpublished letters from Carlyle describing the preparation of his Frederick the Great, together with several letters from Mrs. Carlyle. This is the first of Carlyle's books to have an American copyright.

—A new volume of short stories by Mrs. Burton Harrison, to be called 'An Edelweiss of the Sierras,' is in preparation, and will soon be published by Harper & Brothers, who also announce a volume of 'Stories and Interludes' from the pen of Barry Pain, a new light in the English literary firmament.

—The new novelette, by Henry B. Fuller of Chicago, whose 'Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani' has attracted so much attention among literary people, will begin in the June *Century*. The scene of Mr. Fuller's second book, 'The Chatelaine of La Trinité,' is laid among the mountains of Switzerland, his chief characters being the lady of the castle of La Trinité, and a young American girl.

—To the question recently put to him, 'what do you think of literature as a profession?' M. Alphonse Daudet replied:—

I do not think anything of literature as a profession. I speak from bitter experience, for I have lived by my pen all my life. After all, there is nothing so weary as brain work, and it is practically impossible to keep up the sort of strain undergone by every literary man for many years without breaking down. Of course if the would-be author has a small independence, and is thus sure of not actually starving, there is no real reason why he should not give himself up to letters altogether, but still my strong advice to the young people who come to me for my opinion on the matter always is, 'Stick to your profession, and if you have it in you to write anything really good you will always find time to do it.'

—The publishers of the Cambridge *Tribune* have in press a little book entitled 'The Gossiping Guide to Harvard,' which is intended to furnish the thousands of visitors who come to the University city each summer with a comprehensive account of the buildings belonging to Harvard and the points of interest in Cambridge, as well as some of the traditions and associations connected with them. The matter for the Guide has been carefully prepared by Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, a graduate of Harvard University.

—An 'archæological note' in *Biblia*, signed W. C. W. (presumably Rev. W. C. Winslow) says that 'the death of Miss Edwards need not interrupt the routine or secretarial work of the Egypt Exploration Fund in England. Miss Emily Paterson, her private secretary for the Fund, is fully versed in the duties and labors of the secretarial office.'

—Readers of Mr. Stevenson's 'Kidnapped,' says *The Bookman*, will be glad to hear that he is engaged upon, and will shortly finish, a sequel to that story. It is said that the new tale is to be called 'David Balfour'—the hero of 'Kidnapped'—whose adventures it will narrate both at home and abroad.

—From the same journal we quote:—'It is pleasant to note the friendly intercourse that prevails among novelists nowadays. Dr. Conan Doyle has, we hear, been staying with Mr. J. M. Barrie at Kirriemuir; and in the early autumn Dr. Doyle, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Jerome propose taking a trip to Norway together in a steam yacht which will be specially engaged for the purpose. Mr. Stevenson has sent Mr. Barrie a hearty appreciation of "The Little Minister." And why not, are authors bears and lions that they should 'growl and fight?'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'The Evolution of Christianity,' by Lyman Abbott, D.D., which reproduces, with careful revision and some additions, the notable lectures delivered by Dr. Abbott before the Lowell Institute in Boston a few weeks ago; 'Cardinal Manning,' by A. W. Hutton, and 'Paradise' the third volume of 'The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri,' translated by Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, with notes.

—At Tiverton, about one mile from the city of Bath, England, stands a house once occupied by Henry Fielding, 'the father of the English novel,' and where a part of his immortal 'Tom Jones' was written. 'Fearing it might possibly, at some time or other, share the fate of so many landmarks, and be "improved" away,' writes Miss Margaret Thomas, 'I made a sketch of it for *Literary Opinion*.' The house is roofed with red tiles, has a stone front, in summer almost completely hidden under creepers and shrubs, and stands a little way from the road. Over the porch is a crest. Miss Thomas's sketch is very pretty, and makes us regret that *The Critic* is not an illustrated paper.

—Maurice Maeterlinck, foolishly called 'the Belgian Shakespeare,' is, so far, only known in this country by those who read French. A translation of a few of his best plays has, however, been made, and will soon be brought out in English dress. Maeterlinck is a very difficult man to translate, but those who have seen the translation in question say that it is a very clever piece of work. The new playwright is already a fad in Europe, and he is likely to be one here, for we are not a people who like to be left out in a matter of this sort.

## Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Barrie, J. M. A Window in Thrums. 35c.   | Cassell Pub. Co.                    |
| Brunowe, M. J. The Ghost at Our School.  | Phila.: H. L. Kinner & Co.          |
| Brunowe, M. J. The Sealed Packet.  | Phila.: H. L. Kinner & Co.          |
| Dawson, W. J. The Church of To-Morrow. \$1.                                      | Hunt & Eaton.                       |
| Dickens, C. Oliver Twist. \$1.   | Macmillan & Co.                     |
| Donnelly, E. C. Poems.   | Phila.: H. L. Kinner & Co.          |
| Earle, A. M. China Collecting in America. \$3.                                   | Chas. Scribner's Sons.              |
| Fisher, G. P. The Colonial Era. \$1.25.  | Chas. Scribner's Sons.              |
| History of the Centennial of the Inauguration of Washington. Ed. by C. W. Bowen. | D. Appleton & Co.                   |
| Howe, H. F. In Spite of Himself.   | McHale & Rohde.                     |
| Jelf, G. E. Mother, Home, and Heaven. \$1.50.                                    | Thos. Whitaker.                     |
| Judd, J. H. First Year's Course in Manual Instruction in Wood.                   | Brighton, Eng.: Pub. by the Author. |
| Lathrop, G. P. Dreams and Days. \$1.75.  | Chas. Scribner's Sons.              |
| Lewis, H. Cecil Rowse. 50c.  | Robert Bonner's Sons.               |
| McMahon, P. J. Philip.   | Phila.: H. L. Kinner & Co.          |
| Satchel Guide to Europe. \$1.50.   | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.             |
| Selections from the Spectator. Ed. by A. Meserole. \$1.25.                       | E. P. Dutton & Co.                  |
| Sharp, W. Flower of the Vine. \$1.50.  | Chas. L. Webster & Co.              |
| Valera, J. Don Braulio. Trans. by C. Bell.                                       | D. Appleton & Co.                   |
| Walford, L. B. The One Good Guest. \$1.  | Longmans, Green & Co.               |
| Williams, L. L., and McLoughlin, E. V. A Too Short Vacation. \$1.                | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.        |

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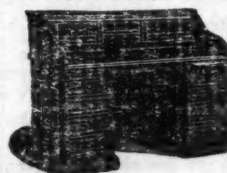
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